

Hermes

BY THE STUDENTS OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY IN MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

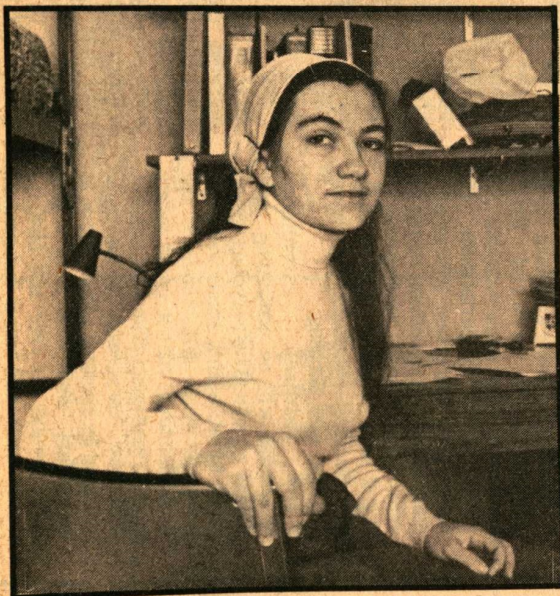


photo by Suzanne Colwell

By **ROB BERTSCHE**
and **EILEEN MENDEL**

At age 16, Lynette Lowe was sent by her parents to an all-white school in Umtali, Rhodesia, a city near the Mozambique border. Having spent the majority of her life living as one of the few whites on a Christian mission station for blacks, Lynette was wary of moving into an all-white environment. Most of her friends — certainly her closest ones — were black. She had been brought up to reject the minority white government and blatant racism in Rhodesia. But she knew there was no other alternative if she wanted to complete her high school education. Multiracial education during the final two years of high school was non-existent in Rhodesia. So for those two years, Lynette saw the "privileged" side of the Rhodesian color line: the white side.

A Personal Account

Dissent in Rhodesia

"That's where I first came to grips with the problems of racism," recalls Lynette, now a Wesleyan sophomore. "I can remember the headmistress having a meeting for all students who were boarders, and she was giving us all the petty regulations . . . One of the rules — the one that I can remember because it made me miserable for the rest of my existence — was that you couldn't speak to any Africans. At all."

"That was one rule I broke," she adds softly.

Born in South Africa and raised in Rhodesia, Lynette has grown up constantly aware of the injustices of those two countries' policies of white minority rule. As she reads the newspapers every day, she is reading not about an abstract political stance in southern Africa, but about the fate of her close friends and family. Despite all the pressure

Continued on centerfold

Inside: Trilateral Commission, p.1

Stoney, p.2 CEA, p. 5

Lit Supplement, p. 8

Humor Magazine to Present Case Tonight

By ALAN JACOBS

Tonight at 7:30, in 01 PAC, The Wesleyantics Seven will stand trial before the CBC. They are accused of "waste of resources" in publishing a magazine that has "no redeeming qualities." The crime is punishable by withdrawal of funds. The Seven are expected to plead insanity.

Tonight's open CBC meeting is in fact quite important — for Wesleyantics or any other group that receives funding. Though the question will certainly arise as to whether Wesleyantics was offensive, that's not the central issue. What's really at stake is this: How accountable to the student body is a group financed by CBC funds? If you plan to attend the meeting tonight you might like some background.

In September, Wesleyantics launched its biggest solicitation drive ever. As a result, many articles were submitted though "a lot were terrible," an editor recalls. All of the printable material (much of which was sex-related) was carefully discussed by the editorial board which consisted of two men and two

tegrity of Wesleyan students, professors, and staff." The petition demanded that the CBC withdraw its funds for next semester.

The petition was circulated actively by the two women with the help of a few friends. In just a few days, more than 700 signatures were amassed. However, many students who signed thought that the wording was too harsh and that not all the funding should be cut. As a result a cover letter (see box) which softened the language was attached to the petitions submitted to the CBC.

To be sure, the reaction to Wesleyantics was not all one-sided. Susan Pravda explains, "I received some

possibly the paper will be changed," she said.

With a new editorial board (Pravda is the only decision-maker returning) and protest still in the air, there is little doubt that Wesleyantics will be different. The meeting tonight may determine just how different.

Is Wesleyantics The Cardinal Sin?

women. In addition, articles were shown to various students, including several "feminists". Persons singled out in articles or photos (e.g. Colin Campbell, Gina Giannini) were consulted on the reference.

The issue itself cost just under \$1500. The allocation allowed for \$1300 dollars to be spent. The magazine realized \$450 in ad revenues. Beyond this Wesleyantics had a net savings of roughly \$300 in allocated funds, according to managing editor Susan Pravda.

This, the third issue of Wesleyantics, was distributed on Friday evening, December 16, 1977, at the start of reading week. Many students found the magazine tasteless and even offensive. By Saturday morning — just over 12 hours after the first issues were distributed — Bryna Goodman and Eve Elting had drawn up a petition (see box) protesting Wesleyantics as "a waste of resources" and "an insult to the in-

very positive comments too. Some people thought there wasn't enough sex!" As far as positive response, Amy Rabinowitz, associate editor, added, "Should they come up with a petition saying they liked it?"

Yet the petitions do signify a lot of dissatisfied students, which surprised and certainly disappointed the editors. Art Feltman, Editor-in-Chief, was particularly concerned about the sudden emergence of the petition. "There is no question in my mind," he said, "that it was a deliberate action by certain political activists who were dissatisfied with allocations for their groups." Upon suggestion, Feltman likened it to "Ratfucking," a la Donald Segretti. Feltman pointed out that none of the editors were contacted by Goodman or Elting or any one else who might have offered constructive criticism of the issue. "If they were concerned with the magazine that's one thing," Feltman said, "but they only wanted the money." Goodman calls Feltman's assertions "completely incorrect."

Susan Pravda reacted somewhat differently to the petition. "It was redundant," she claims. Many changes in style as well as ways to cut costs had already been discussed even before the petition. Pravda, who will be heading Wesleyantics next issue — if there is a next issue — has been doing quite a bit of research into improvement. She promises that the next issue will be different. "The size, content, look and

The Petition:

We the undersigned respond to the second volume of Wesleyantics with anger and disgust at the waste of resources, the sexism and the contempt for educational and social goals. In short, we find no redeeming qualities in Wesleyantics and do not wish to support its publication. We therefore demand that the CBC retract the remaining allocated funds in the effort to prevent further insults to the integrity of Wesleyan students, professors, and staff.

(Wesleyantics was allocated \$2400 by the CBC.)

The Letter:

To the members of the College Body Committee:

The wording of this petition reflects our immediate reaction to Wesleyantics; however a number of people signed in sympathy who would have worded their protests less strongly. These people felt nonetheless the need to reduce the funding of Wesleyantics, which they found an unsuccessful and overly expensive attempt at humor and, in general, a sexist publication. Many have noted their comments and reservations by their signatures.

We would like to stress that no one denies the positive value of humor, but rather the value of the imitation of humor in Wesleyantics.

We call for retraction of funds with the knowledge that Wesleyantics can repitition for a more reasonable sum.

We hope the CBC will consider the concern of the many students who were sufficiently moved in this protest.

Bryna Goodman
Eve Elting

On The Trilateral Commission:

Who Shall Watch the Watchers?

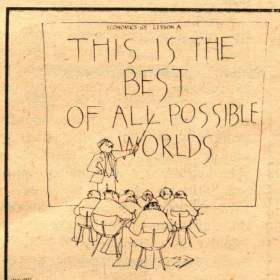
by Eric Arnesen

"In recent years, astute observers...have seen a bleak future for democratic government... The image which recurs...is one of the disintegration of civil order, the breakdown of social discipline, the debility of leaders and the alienation of citizens. This pessimism about the future of democracy was coincided with a parallel pessimism about the future of economic conditions..." Introduction to the Crisis of Democracy for the Trilateral Commission.

"Western Capitalism is in crisis." -- Michael Harrington in The Twilight of Capitalism.

It is generally accepted that 'democracy' and western capitalism are experiencing acute crises. There is apprehension on the part of many in governmental, business and academic circles that this crisis may be differentiated from past economic and political crises by the possibility that recovery may be neither swift nor guaranteed. The western world economy, experiencing a continuing

recession, is challenged by socialist, Eurocommunist and nationalist



revolutions in Europe, Africa and Asia, and is threatened with internal unrest and disruption. The old world economic order, dominated by the United States, is slowly being transformed. There is a slow but concerted effort to replace the general anarchy of market production and international rivalry with economic planning and cooperation. The problems facing Western Europe, Japan and North America, the

Trilateral world, will not simply evolve themselves away: adequate solutions have to be found to remedy the existing and continuing crises. The Trilateral Commission was established to find the adequate solutions.

In 1973, David Rockefeller, Chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, called together a group of industrial and finance capitalists, academic elites, politicians and a few traditional labor leaders from the Trilateral nations to form the Trilateral Commission. The Commission describes itself as a group of 'private citizens' joining together to "foster closer cooperation among these three regions (North America, Western Europe and Japan) on common problems. It seeks to improve public understanding of such problems, to support proposals for handling them jointly and to nurture habits and practices of working together among these regions." Represented on the Commission are: Coca Cola, Exxon Corporation, Caterpillar Tractor Company, Sears Roebuck & Company, Royal Dutch Shell Group, Bendix Corporation, Lehman Brothers, Unilever Ltd., Fiat, Ltd, SONY corporation, Nippon Steel Corporation,

Time Magazine, the Washington Post, Wells Fargo Bank, Bank of Tokyo, Chase Manhattan Bank, United Steelworkers of America, United Auto Workers, Harvard University, Yale University, Georgetown University, Columbia University, RAND Corporation, the Brookings Institute, other banks, corporations, institutes universities and members of the Trilateral nations' governmental organizations and legislatures.

There is evidence to suggest that Jimmy Carter was chosen by the Commission to represent their interests in the White House. After the Watergate era, many thought that the Republican Party had little chance of capturing the presidency. According to Robert Manning in the Far Eastern Economic Review, the Commission felt that "an enlightened New South could unite the floundering Democrats, rescuing them from the pitfalls of the Wallaces on the Right and the McGovernites on the Left." Carter's former campaign chief Peter Bourne has said: "David (Rockefeller) and Zbig (Brzezinski) had both agreed that Carter was the ideal politician to build on."

Continued on page 3

Stoney

Bothered By Ernie

By DAVID STONE

A lot of people are down on America these days. They talk about America as if it were the world's greatest all time bad guy. My friend Ernie, for example, is always trying to convince me that the American system doesn't work by telling me how dark and gloomy everything is. Ernie has hundreds of file cabinets full of stuff decrying just how bad things are. He says it's all the fault of the system. You know what I say to Ernie? I say, "Ernie, if you think all that gloom is the fault of the system, then you don't understand the system."

But Ernie likes to come over and bother me about it. He says that America has perverted values. What he means is that Americans are grotesquely materialistic and destructively competitive, and that the entire system is based on maximum production, maximum consumption, and — maximum waste. Ernie would like to see people get better health care and better educations and better places to live, instead of cordless electric tie racks and microwave ovens that do everything but sing and dance. Something is obviously wrong with Ernie. He doesn't think that being a worthwhile person has anything to do with how much a person owns. "How come," he asks me, "if we Americans are so set on being the best in the world, how come we're ranked No. 8 in doctor patient ratio, No. 14 in literacy, No. 14 in infant mortality, and No. 25 in life expectancy?" When Ernie gets like that, it's best just to let him stew in his own anti-American juices. There's no sense telling him about all the ways this country is a world champion. Ernie takes no pride in the fact that America leads industrial civilization in rape and homicide, and that the U.S. is the world's No. 1 producer and supplier of arms.

If you ask me, I think Ernie is getting hung up on the fact that the U.S. spends half its budget on making weapons and roads. He talks as if we do this solely to scare people and repress trees. In his eyes, America is simply a big, selfish bully. He says that while the U.S. comprises about 6 percent of the world's population, it eats up 35-40 percent of the world's resources, (and that American citizens consume about seven times as much food and energy as the average world citizen, having roughly 50 times the negative impact on the world's environment.) In the midst of all this glutty, he says, we are turning third world nations into our own private mines and marketplaces. According to Ernie, we take raw materials out of these countries, make them into necessary goods — like electric knife sharpeners and hairdryers — then sell them back to the heathens for everything we can take them for. We even import agricultural products like coffee and tea and cocoa and rubber, from countries that are starving to death. We can do this because we control the markets, the prices, the tariffs and incidentally — the governments.

Ernie takes all this to mean that America is decadent. He doesn't know what he's talking about, of course, but he sure has a lot of ammunition. The other day, for instance, he informed me that over 25 million

Americans live in official poverty. I was in the middle of a top-of-the-food-chain hamburger dinner — fresh off of one of his lectures on the 1 billion malnourished people in the world — but I decided to humor him a little, and asked what was meant by "official poverty." He told me that the government defines people in official poverty as those having to forego food in order to keep their T.V.'s, thereby launching into a discussion



on the distribution of wealth in America. People who are into symmetry and uniformity shouldn't have to listen to Ernie talk about the distribution of wealth in America. If you can believe Ernie's team of traveling statistics, the top 1 percent of the American population owns 31 percent of the total wealth, and the top 2 percent owns as much as the bottom 94 percent.

Incidentally, whenever Ernie eliminates some of his metabolic waste in a public place, he writes his favorite saying on the wall. His favorite saying is this: There is no Robin Hood in America. What Ernie means is that rich Americans pay proportionately less taxes than poor Americans, so that the situation is getting worse all the time. He also tells me that the more money you have, the more money you can sponge off of society. All you have to do is shuffle around your assets a little. You don't even have to get out of bed. Unless of course, Ernie comes over. The truth is, Ernie would like for there to be a Robin Hood in America. He doesn't think rich people should be paid just for being rich people. He doesn't think it's fair for some people

to have bank rolls, or goods and services to sell, while so many other people have nothing to sell but themselves.

One time I made the mistake of suggesting to Ernie that perhaps the people on the bottom didn't have any money to sell because they hadn't taken advantage of their opportunities. Maybe they deserved to be on the bottom, I said. Boy oh Boy! Never say something like that to Ernie. That cost me a three hour lecture on how equal opportunity in America is about as prevalent as Anita Bryant posters in New York — and how median black incomes are only 60 percent of median white incomes, and how women's salaries were closer to men's salaries in 1950 than they are today, and even how education is a right of birth for God's sake. The only way I could get him to stop screaming was to write, "Inequality is as American as pro football," a hundred times.

You may be wondering why I remain friends with a creep like Ernie, but the fact is, I worry about him. The other night, for instance, he called me up at three in the morning — more hyped than a pre-med at midterms.

"Ernie," I said, "what's the matter?"

"Nuclear power."

"Nuclear power? What about nuclear power?"

"Well I was just lying here thinking about Betty Ford and Happy Rockefeller — you know — and I started thinking about radiation and radioactive emissions from nuclear plants. And then about waste containment. And then about thermal pollution, and core melt down accidents, and sabotage, and —"

"Look Ernie, don't worry about it," I said. "It will be all right. Why don't you read for awhile?"

"Okay, but —"

"Goodbye, Ernie."

Fifteen minutes later he called me back.

"Air pollution," he said. "I just read that it contributes to emphysema, bronchitis, cancer and heart disease — and that America's air will be unfit for human life in another twenty years. Then I started thinking about water pollution, resource depletion, pesticides, noise pollution, carcinogens, the greenhouse effect, erosion of the ozone layer —"

"Okay, Ernie, calm down. Why don't you get your mother to fix you a glass of warm milk."

"Milk! Are you kidding? Don't you know that mother's milk contains high levels of DDT? If my mother tries to force any one me, I'll smack her on the head!"

The time had come for me to set Ernie straight. I couldn't let him go around being an outraged fanatic for the rest of his life. Face it, Ernie is a dangerous character. Anybody who focuses on symptoms, but doesn't understand the causes, just adds to the mess. So I said to Ernie, "Ernie, what would you do if the back of your car started bumping, and you found that you left rear tire had no air in it? What would you do?"

"I'd take the tire off," Ernie said.

"And then what?" I asked.

"And then it wouldn't bump anymore."

So I sat up all night and told Ernie how to change flat tires and sick countries.

Letters to the Editors

That 'Difference'

A major problem which has come mistakenly to be classed within the domain of apathy (lack of care) is inertia (lack of ability to redirect personal energies) coupled with the lack of clear channels of action (released). The recent swell of visible political action has underlined the need for the formation of functional methods of channelling the widespread currents of transformation. Of the existence of these currents there can be no doubt: unionism, consumerism, feminism, ecological activism, gay rights, human rights, the myriad religious and quasi-

religious organizations, etc. all vividly underline the humanity-wide raising of consciousness that is occurring. Yet there is something profoundly disturbing about a number of these movements which are fundamentally about unifying humanity; they are affirming their rights, needs, desires in divisive and separatist ways. The fires of Hate and separation are being fueled and fanned by frustrated agents of change. We are forgetting or perhaps never really understood the messages of Gandhi and King — in Love and Unity we progress: in Hate and Divisiveness we maintain the Status Quo, or regress.

To characterize the present state of human-relations as aggressive, patriarchal dominance and follow with a sweeping kick to the groin is counterproductive. We've all heard that the ends justify the means. That was expedient for a time; now it's suicidal. By now we should have all heard that the means condition the ends: we need to take it to Heart and Mind.

A Human Body is capable of an infinitude of actions. Some actions are magnificent expressions of exquisite beauty — some actions are electrifying expressions of abysmal malevolence. Sex, race, nationality, etc. are not intrinsic indicators of an individual's or group's benefit to or detractor from human progress. The point is that spending energy on labeling enemies and later on revising the labels has little value compared with the return that same energy could have if it were applied to forming (for example) coalitions with other groups for the purpose of developing the needed functional methods of channelling the widespread currents of transformation. To assume that a significant number of individuals will self-initiate this activity is to ignore all evidence of inertia. To shame people into involvement is to use means inconsistent with the hoped for ultimate expressions of caring and goodwill. We need a positive approach that intrinsically uplifts in process and clearly helps to implement change. Among many possibilities letterwriting

as an agency of change is as good a place as any to start.

Aimed at government officials, elected or appointed, letters from constituency can carry an unforeseen amount of weight. Each letter received is taken to represent nearly a thousand unwritten letters! The public sector of society does indeed have a good and effective channel through which to influence their government officials. Letters can carry praise as well as criticism: indeed if we started to let people know what we did support and that we were willing to take the slight time required to write a letter to register that support we might see much more forward looking, positive legislation than is the case.

What is needed to implement this process is for special interest groups which are concerned with the uplifting and regeneration of society, to join efforts in order to establish community letter writing sessions, as distinct from their group meetings. The public should be actively invited to these sessions at which time they can be given information about pending legislation, actions already taken, and other pertinent issues. This information could take the form of short spot talks, presented by the various groups which have joined energy to create this sorely needed service activity; followed by a short period of discussions and then letter writing (example letters may be posted). As we are not trying to reach a consensus for any reason no aspect of this process should become long any drawn out. Continued on page 11

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The TC: Who Shall Watch the Watchers?

Continued from page 1

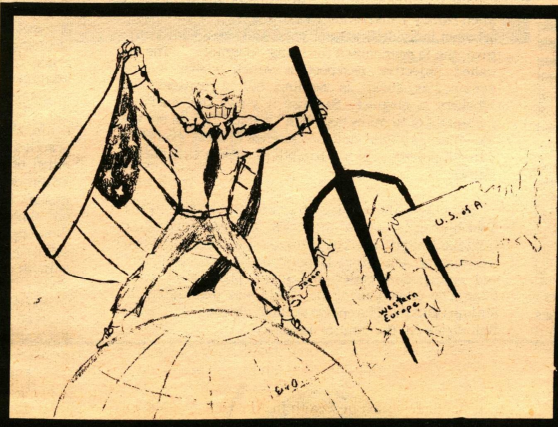
Virtually every major position in the Carter administration has been filled with Trilateral members: Carter Mondale, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, Agriculture Secretary Fred Bergsten, NCS Advisor Zbigniew Brezezinski, Paul Warnke, Elliot Richardson, Leonard Woodcock and others. The Commission's recommendations are gradually being incorporated into the governmental policies of the Trilateral nations. President Carter, in his book *Why Not the Best?*, has said, "Membership on this commission has provided me with a splendid learning opportunity..." So what did Carter learn? What are the Commission's recommendations?

Writer Alan Wolfe has described the Trilateral Commission as "one of the few elite organizations around that is making a serious attempt to understand what is happening to the U.S." as well as other western capitalist countries. What has been happening to the U.S. on the international scene is a deterioration of prestige, political and

"Indeed, for democracy to work, some apathy and non-involvement are absolutely necessary..."

financial markets; and cooperating in presenting a common front to the socialist world on economic, political, and eventually military matters."

Far from being a secret conspiracy of power hungry capitalist conquerors, the Trilateral Commission openly represents the best interest of its members: the preservation of the framework, the Commission may be acting very rationally. But whether they can actually prevent the crises that have been building up as a result of the perpetuation of global inequality and exploitation remains doubtful. At most they can buy time (literally) before the suppressed forces exert themselves and necessitate major changes in the world economy.



II. THE HOME FRONT

The Trilateral Commission is not simply limited to the workings of global economics: it is equally concerned with the crisis of democracy—as far as it affects the workings of global economics—in the Trilateral nations. The members agree that democracy certainly isn't what it used to be. The 'democratic traditions' fostered, protected and cherished in the Trilateral world are facing serious threats from internal challenges which must be dealt with accordingly.

In the book *The Crisis of Democracy: Report on the Governability of Democracies to the Trilateral Commission*, published in 1975, we learn how the Commission feels on this matter: "democratic systems are viable," provided that "their publics truly understand the nature of the democratic system, and particularly if they are sensitive to the subtle interrelationship between liberty and responsibility." Their goal is to "make democracy stronger" and to "contribute to the promotion of...the combination of personal liberty with the enhancement of social progress." However, the concerns and suggested solutions expressed by the authors, especially Samuel Huntington of

"The members agree that democracy certainly isn't what it used to be..."

constituting authority, and it is not necessarily a universally applicable one. In many situations the claims of expertise, seniority, experience and special talents may override the claims of democracy." Problems facing democratic governments today partially result from an excess of democracy; what is needed, Huntington asserts, is a "greater degree of moderation in democracy."

supreme rights of private property, capital and the dominant position of western capitalist nations over the rest of the 'free' world economy. In a rapidly changing international theatre, the Trilateral world is challenged by developing Third World nations. The Commission's activities are aimed at preserving the basic global inequalities that allow from the supremacy of the Trilateral world. Within this

But what does an excess of democracy mean? Huntington traces the problem back to the 1960s and describes the situation as follows: "It was a decade of democratic surge and of reassertion of democratic egalitarianism." Voter participation increased and the civil rights and anti-war movements grew. The expansion of participation throughout society was reflected in the markedly higher levels of self-consciousness on the part of Blacks, Indians, Chicanos, white ethnic

"Virtually every major position in the Carter administration has been filled with trilateral members..."

"The old world economic order, dominated by the United States, is slowly being transformed..."

Harvard University, do not reassure the reader that the above state goal is in reality the goal. A more appropriate substitution would be the maintenance of the economic, political and social status quo, and the promotion of economic growth geared toward maintaining monopoly capital's dominant position.

Democracy, for Huntington, is not always desirable. It "is only one way of

Thus, in Huntington's view, the system of governing has become "overloaded." The authorities' attitude of 'leave the driving to us' was by and large rejected by the protesters, who sought its replacement with a more democratic and egalitarian one. But, Huntington believes that the driving ought to be left to the experts. And the majority of the people were by no means experts. Indeed, for democracy to work, says Huntington, some apathy and non-involvement are absolutely necessary. Although this is undemocratic, it is efficient. And don't all governments require efficiency?

Now we are faced with a crisis of democracy. People no longer have faith in their leaders and institutions. This is particularly important for the Trilateral Commission. Because "people no longer... (feel) the same compulsion to obey those who they had previously considered superior to themselves," the government will have tremendous difficulty in imposing on its people "the sacrifices which may be necessary to deal with foreign policy problems and defence." And if citizens do not respect and obey their government, neither will foreign nations. The internal crisis of democracy is seen by the Commission as a threat to preserving the global power order.

It is important to understand the values and assumptions that underlie the Trilateral Commission's recommendations. Value is placed on efficiency, which requires the undemocratic non-involvement of some people. In reality, the majority of the people do not participate and those that do are seen as threats to efficiency, amongst other things. And participation is severely limited by an unequal access to power and money, and is further restricted by the general structure of the institutions of government and business. We must ask: What ends does this efficiency serve? Does it make life better for the majority of the citizens? Or does it make life better for those who maintain control over the society. But efficiency in this country has not been used to eliminate poverty and malnutrition, nor is it improving the deterioration of our cities. While living conditions worsen for many, efficiency provides us with Pringles, prime-time television, undifferentiated products and other unnecessary "necessities of life."

When poor and oppressed Blacks, Chicanos and Whites raise their voices against the great inequality and repression in this country; when environmentalists object to the contamination of the air and water and the rape of our lands, when intellectuals complain about corruption, materialism, inefficiency and subservience of government to monopoly capital, when pacifists and other concerned human beings protest the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of people in Indochina by the U.S. government; when working people demand jobs; when people think; when any group actively questions the way things are, alas, the Trilateral Commission condemns them for overloading the democratic system.

The Trilateral Commission's solutions to the ills facing society are solutions which do not really address the basic ills. The problems are accepted as a given; the moral side of the question is not discussed, the 'ought', of the matter is simply not considered. What will change, if the Commission's solutions are fully implemented and succeed, is that these problems will be silently suffered by the people, who will once again become apathetic and leave the driving to the experts. And we must ask: within the context of monopoly capitalism can these problems be solved? And are their solutions desirable for those that hold the power and economic wealth? The Trilateral Commission doesn't seem to think so. Thus, monopoly capital will continue to break down the international barriers and expand, leaving, quite literally, the rewards to the few and the price to be paid for those rewards to the many. ■

International Affairs

The Hidden Ideology

By PAUL CHILL

A rather curious attitude was expressed in several of the *Hermes* articles, which appeared toward the close of last semester, one that can be characterized as anti-ideology. According to David Kanter, adherence to an ideology tends to "cripple personal judgment." People with such allegiances display "blind servitude to cut-and-dry ideal systems." Brian Ford calls them "ideologues."

Well, what is ideology, and why are people saying such terrible things about it?

The dictionary definition seems innocent enough. Ideology is "the body of doctrine, myth, symbol, etc., of a social movement, institution, class or large group." On the individual level these take the form of basic values and beliefs. Surely there is no pernicious connotation to this definition: everyone has fundamental values and beliefs. Everyone has an ideology.

What the anti-ideology people do is ignore half of the definition. They are not opposed to belief systems *per se*, just those of any particular "social movement, institution, class or large group." Supposedly their way of looking at things is not rooted in any of these real-world phenomena. It transcends all time and history and worldliness. This is nothing but the myth of objectivity all over again. It is the myth that a set of beliefs can be value-neutral, that it can be divorced from the social forces which gave it rise.

David Kanter's article, in particular, exemplifies the self-contradictory nature of this myth. According to David, the danger of "rigid ideological prejudice" is that people can damage their "inherent capacity to perceive human events as such. Actions that occur to people are committed by people, and possess an emotional content that is far beyond the measure of any ideology."

The idea here is that we must view human actions "as such," apart from other actions, objectively. But

this objectivity is illusory. Human actions can be considered to be separate as products of "emotion" (and, hence, inscrutable). But they can also be seen as inter-linked, as part of a definite pattern: in short, as understandable, knowable. Neither of these points-of-view is value-neutral; in fact, each is ideologically opposite the other. To discard one of them for being "ideological" — as David Kanter does — is to avoid rational discourse in favor of dogmatism. It is to be guilty of the very "rigid ideological prejudice" that supposedly characterizes the "ideologues."

Ultimately, of course, we are talking about much more than an intellectual disagreement. The argument is rooted in this reality: that a vital and critical perspective is systematically excluded from our public discourse because it disagrees with the dominant ideology. Thus discussion of South Africa always centers on the apartheid regime, but rarely on the regime's complex ties with multinational capital. And when Nancy Winkelman tries to suggest a relationship between individual acts of rape and the social structure, she is condemned for being "dogmatic". The so-called objective perspective which views human events "as such" is nothing but a conservative ideology in disguise. Because it views the world as composed of so many separate "events", it can not see that there is a logic and a coherence to these events. It can not possibly change something whose existence it denies.

The entire anti-ideology trend has its origins in the Cold War consensus of the 1950s. The capitalist West (and the United States in particular) had survived two world wars, the Great Depression and fascism, and had emerged stronger and more prosperous than ever. The other half of the World was dominated by Stalinist Russia. The choice seemed obvious. As Daniel Bell wrote in *The End of Ideology*:

"In the Western world, therefore, there is today a rough consensus among intellectuals on political issues: the acceptance of a Welfare State; the desirability of decentralized power; a system of mixed economy and of political pluralism... The ideological age has ended."

Yet a mere decade later, when the consensus exploded over Watts, Columbia and Southeast Asia, it became apparent that there was still deep, political conflict in the West. People began to realize that the choice needn't be between totalitarianism and democracy, but between ideologically-distinct understandings and applications of democracy. A New Left emerged which questioned whether or not capitalist society was (or could ever be) truly democratic.

At the same time, it became obvious that the Cold War consensus had been anything but non-ideological. By defining the alternatives as it did, the "end of ideology" ideology systematically rejected any perspective that tried to critically examine capitalism on its own merits. Those who held such critical perspectives — as well as many who didn't — were intimidated by McCarthyism and subsequent Cold War propaganda into scared passivity. Just like other non-ideological ideologies, the Cold War consensus was a crude mask for those who had interests (real or imagined) in maintaining the status quo.

Some of the anti-ideology feeling has survived into the 1970s, in spite of its manifest inconsistency. But, again, this is more than a scholastic problem; it is a practical one. Western capitalist societies are in the midst of an international economic and social crisis. Traditional explanations and solutions have failed to explain or solve people's problems. This is no time to be summarily dismissing perspectives for being "ideological." This is a time to be rationally considering all perspectives, as well as developing new ones, in order to understand — and in order to improve upon — the world in which we live.

In 1977 America, to be anti-ideology is not just self-contradictory; it is morally and politically indefensible. ■

conservatives
REPUBLICANS
RIGHTISTS
MILITARY
INDUSTRY



progressives
DEMOCRATS
LEFTISTS
PROTEST
UNIONIZE

Home and the Holidays

By ELISSA ELY

Cities do not dry up, and neighborhoods don't fold into unmarked envelopes once they lose their cradle qualities. Home is a holding place. That's not supposed to change.

Q knows she's home for the holidays — she has an hour with the dentist. He's certainly human, even though she has never seen him without the surgical mask stretched across his own teeth. Twice a year trained her to the same level of inefficient distress: gum-chewing stopped a week before, and cookies the day before. Dr. Manchu's date on the refrigerator. Theoretically, she's too well-adjusted to etch her plate onto his forefinger when he holds her tongue in place now. Theoretically, there's an adult sense of safety in his office now. Besides, she has eaten nothing but vegetables for six months, and can finally — after the lessons of a daiquiri — taste the lime tooth polish without spitting it back.

The waiting room is filled with '72 magazines and posters of sloe-eyed shaking toothbrushes. Eat Fruit. Eat From the Four Food-Groups Wheel. Don't Drink Soda: Your Mouth Will Sag into a Grand Canyon of Decay. Don't Chew Bazooka: Your Molars Will Crumple. You'll Liss for Life. Hungry? I'm Your Friend Mr. Carrot — Chew Me: I'm Colorful. Behind Mr. Carrot hangs the same wallpaper Q grew up on. Very green roads run away to a very pink house at the top of a mountain. It's a Wish-You-Were-Here landscape that's been there since she was too short to reach the magazine rack.

Mrs. Dental Hygienist wears a new name. Q's not fooled, though. She has

the same knotty breasts, the same teeth hidden in a questionable red wrinkle.

"Open," she says, in an Ali Baba imitation. Reasonably, Q gives the lady her gold. She dips a miniature Fuller Brush in the lime paste, and begins her delicate perusal. Now and then, she drops the brush and tugs on her great white hips, pulling her uniform up from behind.

"S'you're at college? Almost done?"

"I think so," Q says.

"Whatcha doing next year?" Jab jab, wrinkle wrinkle.

Q shakes her head. Little green sparks fly from her teeth.

"Been drinking, I see. Coffee? Tea?"

"Tea."

"Bad news, Marissa. Wears the white all away."

"Melissa."

"Melissa." Jab. The correction wasn't worth the response. She continues. "Going to graduate school?"

"In what?"

"In what? How should I know? I don't know what you're studying." Pause.

"What're you studying?"

"Oh. You know," Q says vaguely. "Liberal Arts." In her mind, serious white-beards in black robes panel the Fisk Hall lobby. Each holds a sign. The first has "L", the second "I", the next "B", and so on. "S" has the longest beard of all. He is Emeritus.

"Well," Q's judge and hygienist says, "isn't it time to think about it?"

"About what?"

"Next year. Of course."

"Of course." When Q was eight, she was never asked for dialogue. When she was eight, though, she was shorter, and

unable to maneuver through the starched breast.

"Lots of kids go on, y'know. Law School. Medical School. Librarian School."

"Sure."

"Dental School. Business School."

"Right."

"Even Architecture."

"I know some of those." Agreeable Marissa.

"Right." She puts down the brush and takes up the pic. Out of habit and the wisdom of the child, Q's eyes close.

"So what's yours?" the woman says, beginning to mine. Out the window, through the slats Q is finally tall enough to see, her city passes un-

companionably in two-door and four-door statements. Not one commuter rides a white horse.

"Trained for anything?"

Q shakes her head.

"Don't close, Marissa — keep it open. Got any interests?"

If Q does, she isn't ready to share. There will be, in this last college student's Christmas, no polite reconstruction of herself for strangers. When that happens once, one is tempted to believe oneself the history simplified to sell to another. Twenty-one years, and the progression through half a dozen hygienists, isn't supposed to end here.

But then, maybe Public Relations are impossible to avoid beyond the safety of the Wonder Bread Years. There is a cousin Q has never met, introduced to her as the Effortless Phi Beta Kappa.

This vacation she is told the cousin now wears a gem in her belly, and a chiffon bikini on the dance floor. Here we have the girl gone Good — and then Bad. Q knows her story like a Bible lesson: facts, with a quivering finger at their end. This is injustice, indeed. Q hears the epic of her cousin (who, simply because she beat the world before Q, is

not subjected in return to the Allegory of Marissa) and feels something like, yes, alarm, that Q must know Cousin in the same way the Fuller Brush Woman insists on knowing Q. Each is a set of representations: measurements, major, career aspirations and decline. Home was never like this.

Yet these are the same streets, the same names on mailboxes upright or horizontal, depending on the grace of neighborhood "delinquents". Trees are taller, and roads wider for the IBM workers to crowd each sundown. That should be all that changes. Q comes home for the holidays hoping so, hoping to find her pocket in the city still a familiar one.

"Two abscesses," the hygienist says, seeking a corroboration with her pic. She's doing a good job; Q nods vigorously. She softens, then. "One is strictly questionable," she admits.

"Doctor will check it for you in a minute. I can't do anymore." She pats the patient's mouth with the towel around her shoulders, pulls her hips on one last time, and pauses at the cave door.

"Listen. About next year. Good Luck, Marissa."

Melissa. Melissa. Q rinses, and wonders if she shines like a citrus fruit. She looks towards the door. The ruby wrinkle parts, the hygienist smiles. For a second; unfathomably, they are grown-ups together, comrades in the Profession. It's painless, and it stretches only a second before the rules of the trade co-opt those of the sorority. A certain second, and no more. One grown-up leaves then, to counter her plunder in the X-ray room. The other looks through the slats in the window. She looks and looks, probing her questionable abscess with a forefinger, until she can almost see the corner of that new world... ■

Why Women Need A Center

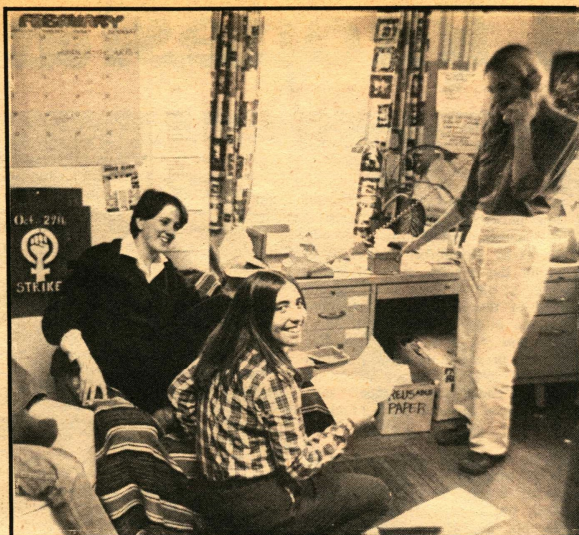


photo by Danny Haar

By LAURA GIBBONS

This fall, at an early Women's Center meeting, someone said to me, "I think of myself as a person, not as a woman. What is there for a Women's Center to do?" I remember thinking much the same thing during my first year at Wesleyan. I knew that our society was not rid of sexism, but in my day to day life at Wesleyan, I didn't feel oppressed. I didn't need a women's center.

Then in my sophomore year, I left Wesleyan and spent four months working at a rape crisis center. There I realized that while the degree may vary from verbal harassment to rape, all women are sexually assaulted. As this became clearer, other forms of the domination of women became apparent. When I returned to Wesleyan, the problems did not disappear. Even in our educated minds, the myths, the roles, the ideas and the attitudes that permit rape and other forms of oppression of women are prevalent. I became part of the Women's Center so that I could continue to challenge these thoughts which maintain the present situation of women.

The Women's Center has no statement of purpose.

pose. Therefore I am going to explain the Center in terms of what we did last semester. These activities deal with the fact that as women we are different from men, both biologically and because of our socialization. We are working to free ourselves from the differences which oppress us and to explore and celebrate the ones which we enjoy.

Women are the major victims of sexual assault and the fight against this threat has been left mostly to us. Conscious of this responsibility, the Women's Center sponsors movies, discussions and general meetings to investigate different aspects of sexual assault. Attitudes which permit rape and other abuse of women are part of everyone's concept of sex roles. Only by bringing these ideas, feelings and reactions to conscious thought can we change them. We are also working with Security and the Infirmary to improve campus safety and to provide better services to victims. Some of us went to Hartford to join women who were protesting neighborhood safety problems there.

The Women's Health Task Force helps women reclaim their bodies. The male-dominated medical profession has often neglected women's health care

and has left us ignorant of and thus powerless over our own bodies. With gynecological self-help we can look after our health better than a doctor who only sees us once a year. The knowledge we gain helps us demystify and control our bodies. We share information on birth control and abortion services in this area. Some of this was published in a pamphlet sent to the entire campus last fall. The Center organized a petition drive opposing the curtailment of Medicaid funds for abortion which drew 600 signatures. This supports our efforts to provide all women with the right to choose whether or not they wish to have children.

Some of us are meeting with women from the Gay Alliance to explore issues of female sexuality and lesbianism. Together we have sponsored films and discussions aimed at breaking down myths and discovering the connections between the oppression of lesbians and the situation of all women. A workshop explored how our images of our bodies are affected by male definitions and how we can change these images.

We celebrate our art, our perspectives and each other. We just finished a Women in the Arts weekend in which Wesleyan women shared experiences as women. It also permits exploration of our relationships with men without having to worry about dealing with those problems in the exploration process. There are also co-ed groups in which the experiences of both men and women can be shared.

Other support services are also available. A local psychologist has offered short-term counseling, by appointment. A library, referral list and file cabinet form a rescue center which helps us respond to a variety of calls and request for information from Wesleyan and other local women.

We are concerned for women outside of the Wesleyan community, as well. A petition drive and letter writing campaign to extend the ERA ratification deadline were parts of our effort to secure legal rights for American women. We co-sponsored a discussion of the Nestle's boycott and corporate practices in the sale of infant formula in the third world. A woman from the American Friends Service Committee spoke to us about the roles of women in several Asian countries. Our focus must include the entire world, since the subjugation of women is universal.

We are working together to take control of our lives, to reclaim our bodies, to rediscover our talents and experiences not recognized in our male-oriented society and to support each other in the struggle. All women in the Wesleyan community are welcome to join us.

Organization meetings (for women only) are held most Sundays at 7:00. Call the Women's Center at 347-9411, X669 for more information.

The CEA: Committed, Evolving, and Active

By ELAINE TIETJEN

For five years, the Committee on Environmental Action has served as the primary student group concerned with ecological problems and projects at Wesleyan. Like most organizations in the atmosphere of transience inevitable at a college, its membership is constantly shifting. Unlike several other campus groups, however, the CEA is its membership. It does not have a set of guidelines, rules responsibilities, or jurisdictions. It is not expected to produce a magazine, or govern the student body, or distribute funds. Actually, it is not expected to do anything, except by the people participating in it. The committee exists because students want it to exist; it is entirely a reflection of student interests. The mere fact that we have a CEA and that it gets CBC funding every year thus says that Wesleyan students are concerned about environmental and ecological problems.

Has the CEA met these concerns? Many students probably have been disappointed the last couple of years as every semester progressed and the original excitement of "possibilities" apparently dissipated, I know I felt rather cheated a year ago after the initial interest generated in the always well attended first meeting of the semester was not channeled into what I considered productive. I wondered why the people "in charge" weren't doing anything. Then, miraculously, I became one of those people at the beginning of Spring Semester, and I soon gained first hand knowledge of the frustrations intrinsic to a position of student leadership at Wesleyan. I discovered just how strongly a special interest group depends for its life on student participation. And I discovered how much respon-

sibility for the initiation of action can come to rest on "the leader".

Since its creation, in the spring of 1973, the CEA has been coordinated by a succession of students, and for a few years, changed hands every semester. Beginning my third semester as Coordinator, I am actually equalling the record length of time in that position set by a graduate Biology student who did the most to create and motivate the CEA. If only someone could devote as much time to it as he did! Unfortunately, I cannot, and I suspect that many of the past coordinators who tried for a semester or two to pull things together found that they could not either. To realize the potentials of the CEA could easily demand twenty hours of work per week. At any institution like Wesleyan, such a commitment might seem suicidal.

Perhaps this sounds like an apology. I admit that it is, at least in part. Anyone who can envision "what could happen if only..." will harbor some guilt for not making it happen, especially if the responsibility to organize action seems to be primarily his or her own. Where does this responsibility come from, though? And how is it that a few people inevitably feel they must do everything if anything is to be done?

Many of us seem to regard hierarchy as essential for accomplishment of any large project or social action. Some people are followers. Some people are leaders. It is the leaders' duty to organize, incite interest, spark enthusiasm, and essentially tell the "followers" what to do. This structure will always create tension in any student-run organization because it asks the "leaders" to make something other than course-work their priority. The tension can be overcome by a structure which

minimizes "singlehanded" efforts and maximizes the sharing of work. It seems, however, to have become more-than-usually significant and problematic to the CEA.

Every semester we struggle with the question of how to organize in order to get people involved in the committee. The CEA should be providing Wesleyan students with opportunities unavailable from any other campus source. Two years ago, the official name was changed from Committee on Environmental Awareness to Committee on Environmental Action, an indication of hopes that the group would not only be, but do, as well. We want to accomplish something. We want to educate, we want to demonstrate alternatives, we want to contribute toward the solution of political problems. Yet, the foundation of our group makes achievement of these goals difficult. Whatever goals are outlined, whatever projects tackled, whatever priorities created, they all come through student initiative. They all originate inside people who are still learning how to initiate action.

Another aspect which necessitates extra energy or effort is Administrative support and attitudes. The recycling program nearly ceased to exist last semester because of resistance by the Administration. They had not been satisfied with the upkeep of recycling centers last year. Indeed, the program seems to have developed a crippling limp — why can't we get enough people to carry away bottles or stack newspapers and cans neatly? Only the combined persistence of the two recycling organizers convinced the Administration to let us try again.

And what convinces us to try again? Mostly, the numbers of people who show up at first-of-the-

semester meetings and tell us they want to recycle, they want to help organize. Secondly, a conviction that it is right, that it provides a way for everyone to become aware of the contribution he or she makes to our waste problems, and a way to help solve those problems. And thirdly, that vision of "how it might be, if only..."

Students interested in environmental careers or problems do not get the kind of academic support that pre-meds or pre-law students get at Wesleyan. The Biology department is obviously not oriented toward Ecology, and the environmental half of E&ES grew out of a Geology department. A long-term goal should be to try to increase that support — perhaps by adding courses, perhaps by hiring an Ecologist, perhaps by improving environmental career counseling.

But meanwhile, we can provide support for each other. The CEA could be the center for exchange of job information and news on special events, or a means to channel cooperative efforts at political action.

With an eye on these potentials, the CEA will hopefully focus on a couple of major projects this semester, in addition to maintaining the usual subgroups. The first consists of a joint effort by NRG, the Wesleyan Food Project, PACE, ConnPIRG, the Women's Center, and the SOC in addition to the CEA to create and staff an integrated student resource center. Unless a better room becomes available in the near future, this center will occupy part of the second floor of the Housing Office, where the Political Resource Center is presently located. It will contain among other things, the magazines, books and files from the Environmental Reading Room (which is now on the

Continued on page 11

Political Action at Home

Dissent In Rhodesia: Refus

placed upon them by the Rhodesian and South African governments, she and the rest of her family have not swayed from their stubborn belief that "God made all men equal."

The pressures have been immense, dating back to before Lynette was born. Both of her parents were born in South Africa, her father's family having come there from England, her mother's side having been in the country for two generations. They met at an all-white university there, and were married in 1956. The government, ever-watchful of critics of apartheid, a policy of separate development of the races officially instituted eight years before, probably had already been keeping its eyes on Mr. Lowe. At the university he had made no secret of his opposition to apartheid, campaigning openly for the Liberal Party, the party most outspoken against the ruling National Party.

Even if her parents had not been considered dangerous to the government before their marriage, they certainly were eyed suspiciously after that. They broke one of the most powerful social conventions of their day by inviting several Indian and African friends to their wedding reception. Public reaction was immediate and harsh. An aunt of Lynette's mother contacted an Afrikaaner newspaper in Pietermaritzburg, near Durban, and they published a front-page article criticizing the Lowes for their scandalous reception. It hurt Lynette's mother even more when her parents disowned her for a time, as a punishment for her having created such a spectacle.

Mr. Lowe took a job working for the government's Department of Native Affairs as an agriculturist in Zululand, a South African district in the Eastern province of Natal. There he provided technical agricultural assistance to the African farmers and kept in close contact with the mission stations set up there by the United Church of Christ. Through the Church, he learned there was a need in Rhodesia for an agriculturist. He decided to leave South Africa with his family before the government forced him to leave, a prospect which he expected sooner or later, — in view of the South African

while, there came into her eyes a sense of hurt, a sense that she, her family, and her friends had been betrayed.

Lynette was one and a half years old when she moved with her parents to the Chikore Christian mission in Rhodesia, forty miles from the Mozambique border. Her father worked as an agriculturist for the mission, then became a science teacher at the all-black school. Thirty families lived in the mission station. Four hundred students attended the school there, where Lynette was one of no more than five whites. Today, she describes the mission station as a "little island" of racial peace amidst an ocean of strife. "There was no race," says Lynette, "The color of one's skin didn't make a difference."

But the outside world did intrude, and did so violently. In 1958, when the Lowes moved there, Rhodesia was part of the federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, which included what is now Rhodesia, Zambia, and Malawi. In 1963, the British government dissolved that colonialist federation. Two years later, in 1965, Rhodesia declared its independence from Britain, a declaration which the latter has never recognized.

The United Nations began to impose mandatory economic sanctions on Rhodesia, sanctions which have crippled the Rhodesian economy. But Rhodesia still gains some economic aid through South Africa, which has served as a buffer zone for the country's imports and exports. Also from South Africa, the Rhodesians have derived tacit support for their racial policies: blacks outnumber whites 20:1 in Rhodesia, but the voting population is more than 80 percent white.

In 1965 nationalism became especially strong among black Rhodesian leaders. One neighbor of the Lowes in their nearly years at the Chikore mission was the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole. Sithole was one of the original leaders of the armed struggle against the white Rhodesian regime. He quit the Church in order to help fight the State — and he is still fighting — as the head of the Zimbabwe (black Rhodesia) African National Union, one of two outlawed nationalist parties.

When Mozambique became independent in 1975, a new light was cast on the entire Rhodesian war. Now black "guerrilla" nationalists could take refuge in Mozambique, and attack Rhodesia from there. About one-third of the high school students at Chikore mission went to Mozambique to join the guerrilla armies there. "In 1976 the war really began," explains Lynette. "We had land mines on the mission farm. A farm house about two miles away was attacked. You could hear every bullet..."

"You don't have to conspire against the government; you don't have to be a politician; but so long as you are friendly with the blacks and seek for their advancement, you are a dangerous person..."



government's increasing crackdown on opponents of apartheid.

"In South Africa, anyone who does anything that allies you with blacks is a dangerous person," explains Lynette. "You don't have to conspire against the government; you don't have to be a politician; but so long as you are friendly with the blacks and seek for their advancement, you are a dangerous person." In her interview with *Hermes*, Lynette told us her story quietly and eloquently. Sitting on her bed and knitting as she talked, she seemed far away from the violent scenes she sometimes described. Yet once in a

Certainly the Lowes seemed suspicious characters as far as the Rhodesian government was concerned. There were now five of them: Lynette, her parents, a 17 year old brother and a 16 year old sister. They were the only whites left at the mission station. All the other missionaries had been deported; only the Lowes had secured Rhodesian citizenship.

One morning in March, 1976, when Lynette was home from the University of Rhodesia on vacation, the Lowes were awakened at 5 a.m. by government soldiers. The entire mission was all

at once in a state of siege. The soldiers ordered that no one leave the mission. Airplanes flew overhead in order to make sure no one tried to escape. Soldiers hid in the bushes. Patients in the mission hospital were ordered to strip, in order to find bullet wounds that would identify them as nationalist guerrillas.

Soldiers rifled through Mr. Lowe's documents and maps to try to determine if he was aiding the nationalist cause. Brandishing metal detectors, they poked through rubbish pits, dung heaps and piles of chicken feed, in search of concealed weapons. Meanwhile, Lynette sat calmly outside her house, knitting; inside her pocket were letters from her parents about students who had joined the nationalist cause — letters that, if found, would have severely incriminated her parents.

On another occasion, soldiers brought the dead body of a black nationalist and leaned it against a truck at the mission station. The man was wearing "khaki longs," a kind of pants as common to Rhodesia as blue jeans are to the U.S. But khaki longs were also the uniform at the mission school. The authorities instantly

"We had land mines on the mission farm. A farm house about two miles away was attacked. You could hear every bullet..."

assumed that the man must have been one of the students who had left the school the year before.

The staff of the school was made to walk by the body, to identify it. No one knew the man. So the students — thirteen to sixteen year olds — were made to file past. When still no one identified the body, the soldiers delivered an epithet-filled speech to the students, calling the missionaries representatives of "the cross that has been trampled on."

The irony of the scene, recalls Lynette, is that some of the soldiers delivering that speech were the classmates of the nationalists who had left that school the year before.

Another time, a guerrilla brought in for identification was left outside with the pants dropped down to the man's knees. "I know my Dad said they don't usually identify a man by his genitals," Lynette recalls.

In her last two years of high school at the all-white boarding school, Lynette learned a lot about the system of race relations in Rhodesia. "They (the whites) treated the black man as something between the ape and Homo Sapiens — he was Homo something else," she says. "The only relation they had with the black person was as a servant. If they saw a black woman, they called her a nanny, even if she was a lawyer."

"I am very grateful that I went (to the all-white school)," she continues. "I'm grateful that it was only two years and that I was at an age when I could learn. Otherwise, I never would have known the way the white Rhodesians work. I don't agree with it. I wasn't happy seeing it. But I would never have known that side if I hadn't seen it."

After high school, Lynette went on to the University of Rhodesia, which is touted as the model of multi-racialism. "This (according to the government) is the microcosm of what should be and, you know, it's been held up as something great and glorious," says Lynette. "And it's true that... residences are segregated by sex and not by race... But the multi-racialism isn't there... The two groups were so polarized that there was no way you could keep a foot-hold in both camps. And I gradually began to stick with the black students."

The police kept a watchful eye on Lynette, too. Friends were quizzed by authorities about her companions. She was frequently followed. The same techniques were being used on the rest of her family. In July, 1976, Lynette's mother suffered a nervous breakdown as a result of the stress. She was taken to the hospital in Salisbury for treatment and returned home within three weeks. Then the government told Mr. and Mrs. Lowe that their citizenship was going to be revoked.

"We were given a month in which we could launch an appeal against this," says Lynette quietly. "We were not told why they were revoking our citizenship." The mission school at

Chikore was shut down. Lynette's parents' "desires," along with the Ten were given a vote. Mr. and Mrs. Lowe v. Lynette — still at the Rhodesia.

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ing To Play By The Rules

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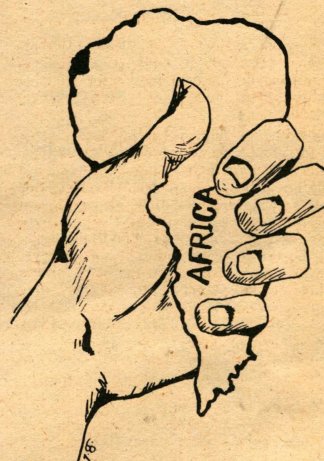
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"There is still a chance in South Africa," she notes. "But the time is running out. Unless they are forced to peaceful change soon, there will be war. For Wesleyan, divestment is the first step..."

"I don't think there's any young black Rhodesian who thinks peaceful change will ever come... I don't think people realize how bad things are over there..."

Our Opinion

This issue's featured article on the Lowe's dissent in Rhodesia, coupled with the report of the SOC's South Africa Action Group (SAAG) which recently appeared in The Argus, in addition to innumerable commentaries in the media, has left no doubt in our minds that the regime backing the policy of apartheid in South Africa is unjust and that it is making little progress on its own in creating justice. As Wesleyan students, we also recognize that here is a rare and clear cut issue on which we can make a difference by influencing our university to alter its current stance of indirect support for the South African government.

The SAAG's report reveals that Wesleyan has at present nearly 50 % of its total endowment -- 49 million dollars -- invested in American corporations which are directly supporting the South African economy. These companies pay lip service to the idea of racial equality in South Africa, and may even sponsor resolutions and agreements to limit racial discrimination. But we believe

that their main concern nevertheless remains the profitability of their enterprise, and this rests on their ability to maintain low labor costs in industry by the exploitation of black workers and on maintaining a close relationship with the South African government.

That government remains firmly committed to apartheid. The moral imperative here is overwhelming; the conclusion we come to is inescapable: the corporations will not cease their support for South Africa's racist government unless we, their backers, can influence them to do so. As a real step in communicating our concerns, we recommend that the University divest itself totally of all financial holdings in banks and corporations which do business in South Africa.

What does this entail for Wesleyan? Can it survive as a financially secure institution if it divests itself of these securities? The SAAG has shown that the answer here is a qualified yes. Clearly, we can safely transfer our 13 million dollar investments in banks which have granted substantial loans to South Africa. We believe that divestiture from involved industries is also feasible, that it would not entail

damaging expense, and that it should be undertaken as soon as possible.

Sponsoring easily neglected proxy resolutions won't help here. Only dramatic action will demonstrate to the financial community and to other fellow institutions which are going through similar uncertainties that we do mean business and are prepared to lead the vanguard for constructive social change.

After careful consideration of this issue, the trustees of Amherst College decided on a moderate policy; to sponsor resolutions calling for an end to discrimination in South Africa in corporate policy and the like. We must not let this happen at Wesleyan. What is needed now is a courageous step forward. If Wesleyan cannot live up to its reputation for liberal honesty and integrity in this case -- by not even going so far, initially, as to transfer its bank holdings -- it will be a sad reflection on our University.

The time has definitely come for action. We call upon the student body to make its voice heard in supporting the Socialist Organizing Committee and their allied groups in calling for a policy of complete divestiture now.

Taking Action

Since late November last year the South Africa Action Group (SAAG) has been seeking to draw attention to the system of apartheid in South Africa and to Wesleyan's role in supporting the white, minority regime there. Originally an SOC subcommittee investigating Wesleyan's links to South Africa, the SAAG has grown into an independent campus group now applying for CBC funding. The SAAG is also participating in the New England Committee for the Liberation of Southern Africa, an inter-university group committed to bringing unified pressure on institutional investors, corporations, and banks to withdraw South Africa related investments.

During the last 2 months the SAAG has brought Kenneth Carstens from the International Defense and Aid Fund for Southern Africa to speak and give a slide show, and has shown "Last Grave at Dimbaza," a film shot illegally in the Republic of South Africa. In addition, the SAAG had arranged a presentation to be delivered to the trustees at their meeting on January 20 but the meeting, unfortunately, was cancelled due to the weather. A position paper stating the views of the SAAG regarding Wesleyan investments in South Africa was published by the "Argus" last week in two parts. The SAAG hopes that this position paper, which

concluded that Wesleyan should divest itself of investments in corporations and banks doing business in South Africa, will generate a lively discussion among students, faculty, parents, the administration, and the trustees. Activities planned for this semester include films, speakers, such as the famous South African poet, Dennis Brutus, and a South African awareness-weekend tentatively scheduled for the weekend of the next trustees meeting in April. The South African Action Group hopes that all members of the Wesleyan community become involved in the issue of divestiture and will support the issues and activities of the SAAG. Anyone interested in helping the SAAG in its effort to destroy apartheid should call either John Barker (X660), Frances Sheehan (347-2756), or George Dixon (347-2328).

— Geoff Clark
for the South Africa Action Group

ent In Rhodesia: Refusing

To Play By The

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while there came into her eyes a sense of hurt, a sense that she, her family, and her friends had been betrayed.

Lynette was one and a half years old when she moved with her parents to the Chikore Christian mission in Rhodesia, forty miles from the Mozambique border. Her father worked as an agriculturist for the mission, then became a science teacher at the all-black school. Thirty families lived in the mission station. Four hundred students attended the school there, where Lynette was one of no more than five whites. Today, she describes the mission station as a "little island" of racial peace amidst an ocean of strife. "There was no race," says Lynette. "The color of one's skin didn't make a difference."

But the outside world did intrude, and did so violently. In 1958, when the Lowes moved there, Rhodesia was part of the federation of Rhodesia and Niasaland, which included what is now Rhodesia, Zambia, and Malawi. In 1961, the British government dissolved that colonial federation. Two years later, in 1963, Rhodesia declared its independence from Britain, a declaration which the latter has never recognized.

The United Nations began to impose mandatory economic sanctions on Rhodesia, sanctions which have crippled the Rhodesian economy. But Rhodesia still gains some economic aid through South Africa, which has served as a buffer zone for the country's imports and exports. Also from South Africa, the Rhodesians have derived tacit support for their racial policies: blacks outnumber whites 20:1 in Rhodesia, but the voting population is more than 80 percent white.

In 1965, nationalists became especially strong among black Rhodesians leaders. One neighbor of the Lowes in their nearly years at the Chikore mission was the Reverend Ndabamang Sibhole. Sibhole was one of the original leaders of the armed struggle against the white Rhodesian regime. He quit the Church in order to help fight the State — and he is still fighting — as the head of the Zimbabwe (black Rhodesia) African National Union, one of two outlawed nationalist parties.

When Mozambique became independent in 1975, a new light was cast on the entire Rhodesian war. Now black "guerrilla" nationalists could take refuge in Mozambique, and attack Rhodesia from there. About one-third of the high school students at Chikore mission went to Mozambique to join the guerrilla armies there. "In 1976 the war really began," explains Lynette. "We had land mines on the mission farm. A farm house about two miles away was attacked. You could hear every bullet..."

at once in a state of siege. The soldiers ordered that no one leave the mission. Airplanes flew overhead in order to make sure no one tried to escape. Soldiers hid in the bushes. Patients in the mission hospital were ordered to strip, in order to find bullet wounds that would identify them as nationalist guerrillas.

Soldiers rifled through Mr. Lowe's documents and maps to try to determine if he was aiding the nationalist cause. Brandishing metal detectors, they poked through rubbish pits, dung heaps and piles of chicken feed, in search of concealed weapons. Meanwhile, Lynette sat calmly outside her house, knitting, inside her pocket were letters from her parents about students who had joined the nationalist cause — letters that, if found, would have severely incriminated her parents.

On another occasion, soldiers brought the dead body of a black nationalist and leaned it against a truck at the mission station. The man was wearing "khaki" long, a kind of pants as common to Rhodesia as blue jeans are to the U.S. But khaki long were also the uniform at the mission school. The authorities instantly

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assumed that the man must have been one of the students who had left the school the year before.

The staff of the school was made to walk by the body, to identify it. No one knew the man. So the students — thirteen to sixteen year olds — were made to file past. When still no one identified the body, the soldiers delivered an epithet-filled speech to the students, calling the missionaries representatives of "the cross that has been trampled on."

The irony of the scene, recalls Lynette, is that some of the soldiers delivering that speech were the classmates of the nationalists who had left that school the year before.

Another time, a guerrilla brought in for identification was left outside with the pants dropped down to the man's knees. "I know my Dad said they don't usually identify a man by his genitals," Lynette recalls.

In her last two years of high school at the all-white boarding school, Lynette learned a lot about the system of race relations in Rhodesia. "They (the whites) treated the black man as something between the ape and Homo Sapiens — he was Homo something else," she says. "The only relation they had with the black person was as a servant. If they saw a black woman, they called her a nanny, even if she was a lawyer."

Chikore was shut down by the authorities. Lynette's parents were declared "undesirables," along with eight others, all blacks. The ten were given a week to leave the mission. Mr. and Mrs. Lowe went to Botswana, while Lynette — still at the University — stayed in Rhodesia.

Because of all the stress she had been through, and because of a pervasive bias in the schools against blacks and against white sympathizers, Lynette failed one of her exams. She then went to visit her parents in Botswana, where her mother had just suffered a second nervous breakdown. She returned to the University to take her exam again and failed it a second time. The University officials refused to let her repeat the course, so she was forced to give up her hopes of becoming a doctor.

Lynette came to the United States to finish her education. A math major here, she is active in the Christian Fellowship group on campus. She still hopes to be a doctor. "If anybody will have me," she hasn't been home since August and does not expect to get there within the near future. She hopes, instead, that her fiancé, a twenty-two-year-old Rhodesian black whom she met on her first day at the University of Rhodesia, will be able to come over here. That is not very likely, either. He is one of a family that includes eleven other children and two wives, and money is scarce.

Lynette expects her parents to stay in Botswana for the next four to five years, teaching at a government school there. Her brother and sister are at school in Swaziland. And the political climate in Rhodesia is as precarious as ever.

"I don't think that Smith (Ian Smith, the Rhodesian prime minister who has been in power since 1964) will ever change," said Lynette. "I don't see any way that you can have a compromise government under Smith. There is no doubt about it; he is a very good politician. I don't agree with his views, but you have to be a good politician to stand for thirteen years against the rest of the world."

"But I don't think he can hold out that much longer," she added. "I'd be surprised if he can really hold out until the end of this year. The situation could very well degenerate into civil war among the various black leaders. I think up to 72 there was a hope for peaceful change, but I don't think it will ever come. And I don't think there's any young black Rhodesian who thinks peaceful change will ever come."

Lynette looked up from her knitting and glanced about the room. "I don't think people realized how bad things are over there," she added.

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"South Africa is going the same way. Rhodesia is going," she went on. "There is running out in South Africa. They're quickly getting to the state of outright war, and any war there would

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photo by Suzanne Colwell

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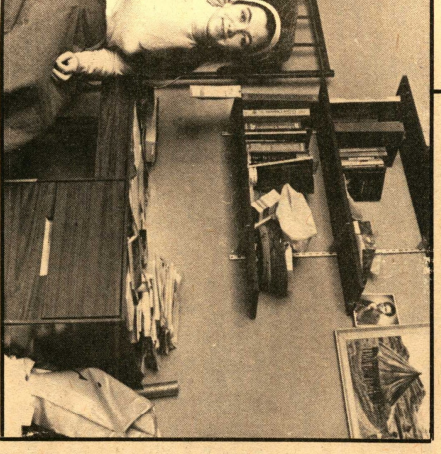
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"I am very grateful that I went (to the all-white school)," she continues. "I'm grateful that it was only two years and that I was at an age when I could learn. Otherwise, I never would have known the way the white Rhodesians work. I don't agree with it. I wasn't happy seeing it. But I would never have known that side if I hadn't seen it."

After high school, Lynette went on to the University of Rhodesia, which is touted as the model of multi-racialism. "This (according to the government) is the microcosm of what should be and you know, it's been held up as something great and glorious," says Lynette. "And it's true that... residences are segregated by sex and not by race... But the multi-racialism isn't there... The two groups were so polarized that there was no way you could keep a foot-hold in both camps. And I gradually began to stick with the black students."

The police kept a watchful eye on Lynette, too. Friends were guzzled by authorities about her companions. She was frequently followed. The same techniques were being used on the rest of her family. In July, 1976, Lynette's mother suffered a nervous breakdown as a result of the stress. She was taken to the hospital in Salisbury for treatment and returned home within three weeks. Then the government told Mr. and Mrs. Love that their citizenship was going to be revoked.

"We were given a month in which we could launch an appeal against this," says Lynette quietly. "We were not told why they were revoking our citizenship." The mission school at

does not expect to get there within the near future. She hopes, instead, that her fiancé, a twenty-two-year-old Rhodesian black whom she met on her first day at the University of Rhodesia, will be able to come over here. That is not very likely, either. He is one of a family that includes eleven other children and two wives, and money is scarce.

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"South Africa is going the same way Rhodesia is going," she went on. "Time is running out in South Africa. They're quickly getting to the stage of outright war, and any war there would be a thousand times worse than any war in Rhodesia."

Noting that South Africa already has significant warfare technology, including the nuclear bomb, she added, "What really worries me about it is that it could be the beginning of a third World War. The problem has been that all the black guerrilla movements have been taking help from whoever will give it — and that has been the Russians and the Chinese."

"There still is a chance in South Africa," she notes. "But the time is running out. Unless they are forced to peaceful change soon, there will be war." Lynette says, for Wesleyan divestment is the first step. She also wants to see a list of what banks are lending money to South Africa. "At the moment," she says, "it's those banks and those corporations that are backing the South African regime."

"But by keeping all their interests there, by still importing and exporting goods from South Africa, you're supporting that regime," she insists. "And not only that, you're benefiting from it. You're benefiting from a very wrong system."



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Painting Pale Pages

The books surround us.

On shelves.

Everywhere.

Some beckon.

Others shout.

Their words beg

For an audience.

Their making.

Was of sweat.

Vigorous toil.

YET

The satisfaction of writing.

Painting pages.

Was enough of an audience.

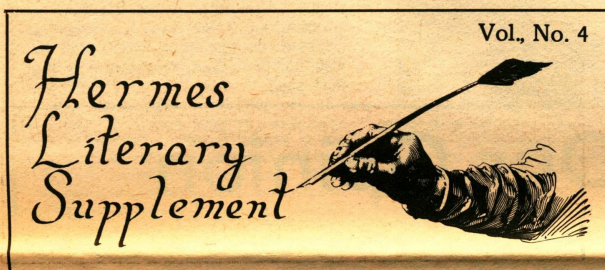
For most of the sweaty.

Bound.

Yet satisfied

Pages.

Jeff Hush



Paul Horgan

Listening to Prose

The first event in the new Prose Series took place on January 26th when Philip Hallie read from his forthcoming book "Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed" on refugee sheltering by a small French town during the Nazi occupation. The following remarks were made by Author-in-Residence Paul Horgan as part of his introduction to Professor Hallie and the Series.

There are two general ways to listen to prose. One is to listen for what happens—the action—the subject matter. This is the simpler pleasure of the two, and of course the more usual, though none the less worthy for that. The other, however is the one of more interest to writers. It has to do with how our interest in the first way of listening comes about—why it is that our interest is captured. Most people don't think of this at all, but every writer thinks of it incessantly and to the point, sometimes, of despair, as he works to achieve his purpose.

As we listen today, and in future programs of the series, perhaps we should have in mind questions like the following: does the writer satisfy three things: the idea or action presented, the architecture of his sentences, and the twin values of readability and hearability.

Taking these one at a time, is the idea or action represented by an appropriate vocabulary or is it muddled by inexact, over-technical or too elaborate writing? The architecture of the sentences: do we always know what relates to what in a given sentence? Is the antecedent idea in the right place? Does the sentence have a good rhythm which carries it forward or does it sag with too heavy a burden of information? Are all the sentences too much alike in length, rhythm, or tone?

Readability and hearability (I apologize for "hearability"—it is an ugly usage but I wanted an immediate parallel between eye and ear): a writer's greatest gift is a high degree of readability, granted first that he has something to say. Something to read which you can't put down, as the saying goes, until you are finished reading it—this gift is a professional treasure. Now, if the eye and mind are pleased in this way, the chances are that the ear is too—but it is often the ear, when a piece of writing is read aloud, which helps the writer to work his prose into a form which pleases the eye and the mind. The two values are absolutely interlocked. Does the writing you hear give the sense that the author wrote for the ear as well as the other thing?

Finally, personal rhythm: does the writing tell you that it could come from nobody other than the particular author you listen to? Each of us has his own unique variation of the pulse of life. Every writer must listen for his own, must recognize it in his actions, his daily interests, his cycle of appetites, his response in mind to the daily marvels of life at every level, and then work to use his being as the unique medium for his creations in language. The presence of absence of this, for the listener, is more often discovered through intuition, nondefinition, than through labored analysis: but it is always to be found or missed. ■

The schedule for the remainder of the Series this spring is as follows:

William Manchester	February 16th	F.D. Reeve	April 6th
Kit Reed	March 2nd	Daniel Stern	April 27th

Elissa Ely (and other students) to be scheduled after vacation

Skin Without the Skin

Screaming through timeless night,
Mirrored down a tunnel
Of reflections,
An arching line of red light,
Abstract in its perfection,
Reflects me, deflects off of me
Sending itself to a single point in space.
A clear and solid harmony
Smiling at the uncertain web of notes
From which it drew its momentum.

On the mud.
Acrid, chalk-smelling mud,
And lying like a rosy baby
Alive and slithering in
Sweet, fleshy pain and pleasure.
Just an orange deepness,
In the present stuck,
Like a wounded animal,
Turning, stuck.

But you look so surprised,
So nauseous.
Didn't you know?
To trace a red line in space
Is the job of moon walkers.
Didn't you know?
A line reflected a thousand times
Down a never-ending chasm,
Through a succession of mirrors of the mind
Begins and ends a knarled hand
Struggling with many pens.
Didn't you know?
The light physics gathers
In a magnifying glass
To articulate, calculate, regulate
Began a ball of rushing flame
And will end a burn on a page...
The putrid smell of ash.

And so too with the orange
We sliced inside each other.
From a distance we see a ripe orange moon,
Ready to burst between us,
Up close, we hold a greasy, pitted orange
With strange blemishes—and acid,
Spurting out as a layer of pimples bursts.

You rode in on a streak of light,
Remote, ordoless, innocuous.
But after sucking me clean of my juices
You didn't like the aftertaste.
So you rode off on that streak of light
Plying the stars with your eyes.
But you are ending up on this page,
A charred and smouldering scar,
And that is what you are. —Beck Lee

Through the Alone Night

for Andy

Face the quiet of face the violent.

The memory of a friend returns.
For this man it was easier
to stand before a train,
a massive metal monster
of breathing steam, blaring scream,
easier to stand before
death's violent eye
hurling through the night,
than face dawn's red whisper.

Goodbyes said, friends departed,
this night reminds me
that there was a time recently
when I could have been a suicide,
writhing in my hate a blame,
thinking I alone owned loneliness,
I could have let myself be swept aside
with the dust and dirt to lie
beside the tracks of time.

The world answers love
with quiet indifference:
loneliness and love are partners
as death is wed to life.
Knowing this, I reject the violent,
and await the slow rise
of death's other eye.

—Al Hopley

The Last Summer

My little brother's elfin madness drove me from the house into Canada's bright July. The sun hung high, but its heat was tempered by a breeze from the bay. Grasses and spruce stood divided by a path along the uplands behind the beach.

Ever since I was a small child we had been coming to spend the summer on this isolated stretch of coast, where the beachcomber was always a part of the scenery. From long before I was born he had lived on one of the ridges further inland, farming and trapping I think, until a forest fire took all he owned but his life and an old iron stove. Some of the fishermen helped him build a shack on land one of them owned by the water. They are all related out here anyway; everyone a Holt, Creighton or Foster, and that distinction only nominal. We, the Americans, though we came every year, were outsiders. We did not stay through the bone-cracking winters.

It was a tradition: each year the old man would come across the point and stand among the spruces as we moved in. That way he could tell if we brought anything of value that we didn't take away with us in the fall. He was always very careful when he broke in, removing a shutter on the porch, cutting the screen and sliding up a window that we quit locking years earlier. Once my parents left him a note, but he didn't answer it.

We missed his calm watchfulness this year, but, as smoke still came from his chimney and tinny chatter from his radio, we were not very much concerned. We were busy. There was a year of schools attended and schools taught to be forgotten in eight weeks of wind and tide.

I had always thought of him as old, but he was only a little beyond fifty. He was gruff and foul-mouthed, yet a splendid host. I had never seen him dressed in anything other than a dirty white tee-shirt, black wool trousers with suspenders, high socks and short rubber boots with red soles. He was drunk whenever he could arrange it, which was surprisingly often considering his abject poverty. He chewed tobacco in quantity. The reek of that alone would have kept me away, were it not for his great redeeming feature—his lies. His own boast, that he was the "best talker with sea-stories and French'n jokes in the province," was probably true. So my father had encouraged me to visit him as part of my education. For years I came to his hot, dry-rotten shanty just to hear him speak.

But slowly I grew up. The visit changed from an anticipated pleasure into a social obligation. I still went there at least once a summer, but no longer with an uncritical ear for his imagined adventures. He knew that I was too old, or too young, for his best tales and mostly stopped telling them. In a way that was too bad because without them we had little to say.

Again this year I followed the upland trail toward his cabin for the hour of instant coffee, infernal heat and small talk that some sense of duty insisted upon. The conversation would be about the winter and where the herring gathered in the bay; an adult conversation, words that could have been spoken in any one of half a dozen centuries.

I opened the door at this hoarse invitation, prepared for the waves of heat, but not for the stench of pure urine. Like smelling salts it brought my senses painfully to attention. His body, a fallen marionette, lay propped up against a wall papered with beer cartons. The red and swollen hands that dangled at the ends of his emaciated arms appeared carelessly sewn there. I could barely hear his "Come in, come in"

over the roar of the stove, the wood for which was stacked in every spare inch of space.

More than anything else he looked tired. The eyes of exhaustion looked out through his drooping lids. His square face was accented by a beard clinging to the edge of his jawbone. The effort of twisting his heavy lips and cheeks into a smile was beyond his strength. His lungs rattled with each breath. Tuberculosis would have him dead before the fall.

"I'm dyin', ain't I?" he said, in a voice so grim that it bordered on whispered laughter.

"You hardly need me to tell you that," I replied, startled at my own callousness.

"Aye, but t'sa comfort to hear ya speak it. Then I don't seem 'sponsible, like."

No response seemed possible.

Still standing in the doorway, I began to look around the shack, avoiding his eye and my own. Nothing had changed from previous years, but I felt I was seeing it all for the first time. The single room was about ten-by-ten, almost a quarter of it filled by the cast-iron stove. The windows were covered with varnished butcher paper. They admitted just enough murk to see the driftwood table and chair, and the man himself, lying on his stained mattress in the far corner. The only food visible was a brightly colored box of instant oatmeal. Several pin-ups smiled at no one in particular.

"I'm only but fif'two, ya know."
Pause.

I couldn't respond to this either. I was not amazed or shocked; it just didn't seem to make sense, as if he were speaking in Russian.

"Come in 'ere an' shut m'door," he said after my long silence. I didn't move. I stood with my soles gripping the earth and the New Brunswick summer at my shoulder.

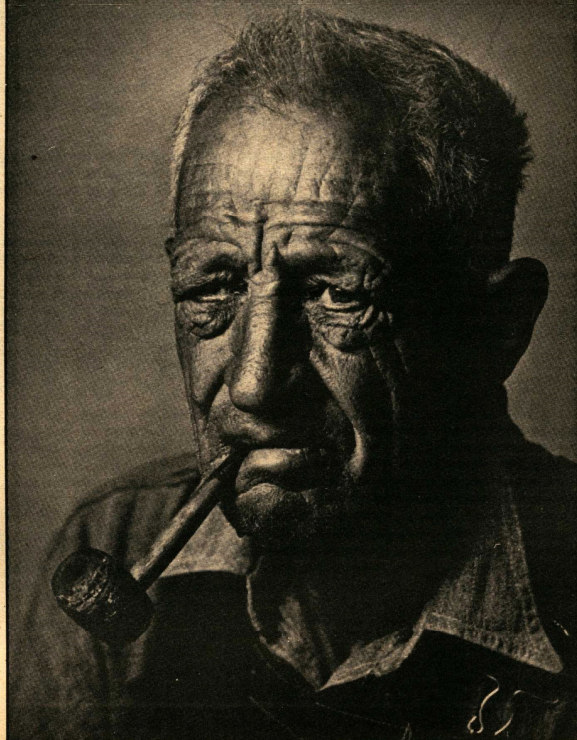
After looking me straight in the eye, as if to make certain that I was watching, he began to cough. I cringed at the tearing and grating sounds that mixed with the gurgles when he inhaled. Small tears stood in his eyes and the very bend of his shoulders seemed to beg for sympathy. My spine tingled as the irrational urge to run to him and beg him not to die rushed to my head.

I forced myself to look into a woodpile, away from the vacuum of his eyes. They pulled at me, tugged directly at the base of my spine, as the lips of cliffs and balconies always have. I fought him, fought his death, fought the wind that rushed around me into the cabin.

"For God sakes child! Shut m'door!"
And I did.

The sun hung high, its heat tempered by a breeze from the bay. Grasses and spruce stood divided by the path toward home. My little brother probably wants to play.

— W. Victor Tredwell



Frozen Animation

Consider the ice cube.

Humanly packaged

Frigid shaped towards the goal of purpose

Only to fit the drain drip drip to play

The pipes perhaps dissolve some shit and then

In all traditions luxuriate the river

Where the all-giving all-demanding Sun

Suffices given adequacy of time

To recompose it inside another icebox

In clear solidity.

So melt some time.

—Darrell Ewing

"JORGE LUIS BORGES: The Self and the Selves" will be the subject of a talk by Norman Thomas Di Giovanni, who has worked with Borges and translated some of his work. The program, which is sponsored by Honors College and the Latin American Studies Program, will take place tonight, February 2nd, at 8:00 in Russell House.

WILLIAM MANCHESTER, Wesleyan's Writer-in-Residence, will read from his forthcoming book "MacArthur, American Caesar" on Thursday, February 16th, at 4:30 in the Grotto of Alpha Delta Phi. Refreshments and discussion will follow the reading, which is part of the Prose Series.

ADLIT is still accepting graphics for this year's issue. Work in photography, etching, lithography, pen-and-ink, and any other medium that will reproduce effectively in black-and-white is desired and will be treated with the utmost care. The deadline is February 24th (no more written material is being accepted). Address Box 1006 for pick-up.

Pray, how is it that you have grown so thin?
Is it that you suffer from poetry?

— Li Po

NOTICES

Naming the Unspeakable

By RICHARD E. BROWN

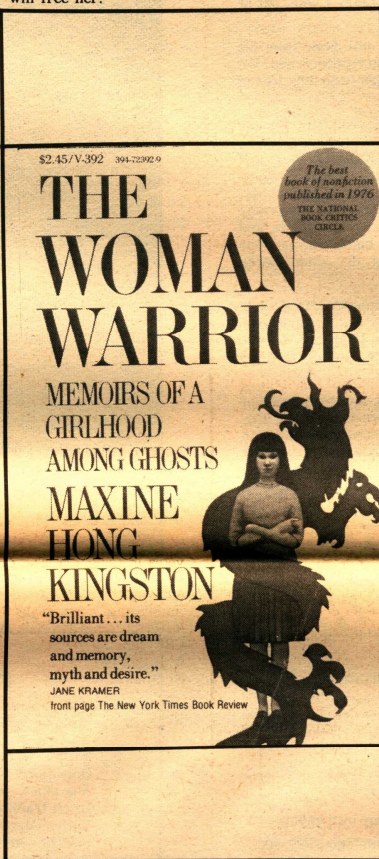
Last semester in 58 Science Center Yi-Tsi Feuerwerker, a Chinese woman who is now a teacher of Chinese language and literature at the University of Michigan, spoke at Wesleyan on Maxine Hong Kingston's book, *The Woman Warrior*. The *Woman Warrior*, which won the National Book Critics Circle award for "The best book of nonfiction published in 1976," is a very special book, both to those of us who read it, and for the author who wrote it. For the author, a Chinese-American woman, writing the book is naming the unspeakable, saying the unsayable, an act of courage that is hard for some of us to imagine. Feuerwerker offered us a chance to better understand why the book stood for more than the story of a woman growing up, or more than a history of being Chinese in America.

Feuerwerker began her talk where Kingston began her book, with the story of the author's aunt, No-name-woman. Apparently, the aunt did such a terrible thing that her name must never be mentioned. She is to be forever forgotten. This Aunt became pregnant although she was married and her husband a year overseas. The village punished her and her family. All the villagers came to her home wearing hoods and their hair down around their faces. They plundered the house and scattered her and her family with the blood of their livestock, chickens and pigs. The belongings of the family were destroyed. The aunt had to give birth in a pigsty, alone. The next night she jumped into the well with the baby. Not only had the village come to destroy her — possibly organized by the baby's father to protect himself — but the family, too, closed ranks. No succor was given her; and her name, her memory, her ever having existed were to be wiped out by making them unspeakable. Maxine Hong Kingston begins her book with this story. Only in this way can the ghost be exorcised. In any Chinese dialect there are at least fifty words for ghost and a hundred phrases or more for putting down women. "Better dead than a daughter," "Feed a daughter, feed a cowbird." Other phrases much less complimentary are the norm. Women were not expected to speak much. They were slaves first to their mothers, then to their mothers-in-law. And if a woman should stray — perhaps raised earlier as the no-name aunt may have been — then she is condemned to being a ghost in life, a ghost never to be cared for or avenged as ghosts should be if they are to be put to rest.

For Chinese girls growing up in America there is a double or perhaps quintuple burden to bear. They have to deal with being Chinese in America. In Chinatown this is very difficult; Americans are all white ghosts, the Grocer-ghost, the Garbage-ghost, the Social-Worker-ghost, who peers through the windows, and the Burglar ghost who breaks them, all these big real ghosts in addition to all the old Chinese ghosts like no-name Aunt. Worst of all Chinese ghosts, the ghost that came over from China, is the Sitting Ghost. The Sitting Ghost sits on your chest and covers you. When a Sitting Ghost is with you, you cannot speak or move a muscle. The only way to rid yourself of a Sitting Ghost is to say one word, its name, while it is on you. To name the unspeakable, to chant your name and the name of the ghost that oppresses you, is to free yourself. The *Woman Warrior* is that chant.

When I talk about the burdens that Chinese-American women bear, I am renaming the ghosts that Maxine Hong Kingston has named. Because the Chinese woman is strong within her, to speak is to be a warrior. But the defeat of the Sitting Ghost was no small achievement. She had to overcome two towering ghosts in order to speak: Chinese racism and ethnocentrism which made her American surrounding nothing more than a sojourn in a ghostly mine; and

China's traditional fear and destruction of its woman. In order to free herself from her self-destructive image as a Chinese woman, she called upon — or was haunted by — the vision of a brave and silent no-name aunt and the figure of Fu Mu Lan, a legendary woman swordsman of the folk tales. Both of these women ended in a kind of defeat: the no-name aunt, a suicide in the family well; Fu Mu Lan, after dressing in man's clothing, leading armies and righting wrongs for twelve years, settled down to be a housewife. Nevertheless, with the strength of her own mother's survival in China and in America, she tries to speak. To speak will free her.



After overcoming the impediment unique to being Chinese, she must deal with the American half of her double burden. America demands that she speak English and treat the ghosts as being real. Hong failed Kindergarten and did not speak at all in school until after third grade. No English was known at home. She could not find her voice in Chinese, for women had no voice in China, particularly second daughters. Learning English became imperative. Kingston had to deal with American racism and misunderstanding and with being a Chinese woman in America.

Ultimately, Maxine Kingston had to teach herself to believe that Americans were something other than ghosts, to learn the English language which seemed freer for a woman than Chinese. She could tell the story of her aunt, her mother, and herself in English. She took up words as weapons, making herself the *Woman Warrior* who could reclaim her Chinese heritage rather than be ruled by it. Only by going through this process was Kingston able to slay enough ghosts to make herself into a whole person, in spite of her burdens, which remain. She is still a Chinese-American and a woman, living in this country.

Feuerwerker concluded her talk by stressing that *The Woman Warrior* is the story of anyone growing up and establishing an identity. The declaration of independence from parents and culture and the reclaiming one's roots may indeed be archetypal. Nonetheless this is a special book, a special instance, and a case of special courage. The metaphor for tradition, the past, and much of the present is "ghosts" — which means haunting — and a very special ghost which is Chinese, the "Sitting Ghost", a burden of muteness and paralysis. The ghosts are called up by the author's femaleness, a condition which invokes altogether too often an American "Sitting Ghost" and the clash of opposite cultural values, a situation that the alienated among us might recognize. To deal with these ghosts Hong becomes (and suggests) a *Woman Warrior*. The implication is that one must deal with and in some way claim the ground of womanhood, and also claim and become the warrior.

Fu Mu Lan was only a mythical figure, a daydream perhaps for powerless woman. Kingston suggests that for her, in America, the possibility for real warriorhood exists. Kingston does not go out slaying dragons. She still has trouble in "real life" with her slightly racist boss and with standing her ground in conversation. All the more strongly for these continued difficulties she has proved herself a warrior. The book was written by a person for whom every word was a bloody battle. There are no other such works by Chinese-Americans. It is perhaps a strength most clearly shown in the Nietzschean idea of self-overcoming, the strength of the self, of the will, is shown by her doing that thing most difficult for her, speaking.

This leaves us with a few gifts. If we apply some empathy and understanding, we who are free and easy with words to those who are not, we see a profile in courage. For those who share the bondage of self-hatred and fear, for those who feel the weight of the Sitting Ghost and the frustration of silence, here is a fellow sufferer, a compatriot, an exemplar to help in the struggle. And in a literature which is only beginning to include much about human life that has formerly been excluded — like the heart and soul of women's experience in this country — there is another voice telling the story, chanting, and removing the ghost from the throat of that voice. Names for the unspeakable are not a paltry gift. ■

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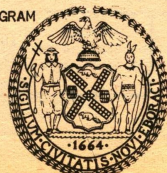
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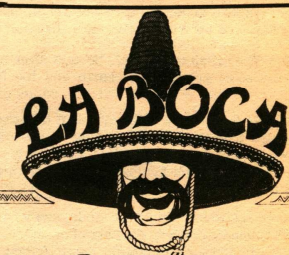
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Letters... continued

Continued from page 2

Public buildings seem a likely place to meet. Perhaps this activity could be thought of as an Adult Education, or Free University course, i.e.—Active Citizenship 101. These gatherings should be understood to be social gatherings concerned with uplifting humanity. The group formation in this process serves to overcome inertia and would serve to upgrade the quality of interpersonal relationships of the people involved, by bringing them together outside their daily cares and worries, and in a completely different context than a communal debauchery.

A major difference between this idea and letter writing vigils is that this activity should become a regular one, once or twice a month; more often once people realize and are satisfied by the potency of the activity. This activity is vitally needed. There is certainly an abundance of issues and a large number of people ready to be galvanized into action. What remains is for these groups which have hitherto worked as separated entities to form a coalition at least along this one line and to organize these activities. One active person from each Service Organization in a community could easily turn this into reality. Humanity is desperately waiting.

—Chaim Levine

Setting It Straight

To the Editor:

I guess my wrists are supposed to be stinging from the mild controversy sprung from the most cursory readings of my letter to the Argus. Well, all rumors of contrition or anxiety are greatly exaggerated.

The title, (not chosen by me) was unfortunate; predictably all the people who read newspapers by scanning the headlines assumed that sentence was my only point. I let all previous comment pass unnoticed because hasty misconceptions were not worth hasty replies. However, if people insist on calling my name, they'd best use it only in the most impeccable of contexts; good spelling is not enough.

I will reiterate slowly. The only tactic advocated was "intelligent tolerance" along with a kind of integrity (all but vanished) shown by people here I've known and admired. Five years of Wesleyan has shown an extraordinary turnover; and there are graduates of this place that greatly mourn the laissez-faire disaster Wes communities have become. Nowhere did I recommend rape, pillage, or salting the fields. I spoke for myself and those who agree with me; and we, by mere virtue of honesty are no inconsiderable group.

There is nothing I can do for anyone who has trouble with these few simple things.

+++

I seem to remember that earlier this year someone pilloried Dick Gregory for his stroking of delicate sensibilities and preaching gentleness. How odd that we both should have detractors. This new wave of John Q Public can't stand much of anything, can they?

—Carol Cooper

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CEA

Continued from page 5

second floor of the Science Library). The participating groups hope that the establishment of a central office such as this will improve the coordination of campus events and make the information now scattered in various places more accessible. The center could also publish a newsletter and run workshops on many "self-help" topics, such as bicycle repair or self defense. If we get enough people willing to "phone-sit" we can keep this office open day and night.

The second major project is an Alternative Energy Fair to be held on a weekend in late April or early May. Coordinated with NRG and, hopefully, CSIS, the Fair will offer a couple of days of speakers, films, demonstrations, and exhibits about the energy choices now facing us. Nuclear, solar, wind, geothermal, biomass, ocean thermal, and hydroelectric power are some of the options to be explored. Many companies and organizations are being invited to participate. The planning of this event will require quite a bit of organization, so anyone with any interest whatsoever is asked to help out in letter-writing, phone-calling, scheduling, decision-making, and thinking.

The already established subgroups will be continuing their efforts as well. The recycling group hopes to establish a smooth-running schedule which will convince the Administration that it could safely expand next year. The tree nursery will have trees ready to be transplanted by students onto campus in the spring. We'll also have a few nature walks for tree and bird identification and woods-enjoyment. The Alaska Lands Campaign will step up its letter writing and petitioning as the bills concerning the fate of over a million acres of Alaskan wilderness come up for votes in Congress. The Connecticut Bottle Bill will be tried once more—and with the right efforts, may finally pass, since it came so close last year. ConnPIRG is hoping to get CBC funding to help their efforts with this bill and on the Wesleyan campus.

The basic organizational structure for action exists. These projects are already in operation. Their success depends primarily on effort. The CEA encompasses a broad range of topics—perhaps too broad to allow for efficient use of effort. Yet, to restrict our activities to only one or two of the above projects would be to ignore the expressed interests of some Wesleyan students. And there are other projects which need only a little "leadership" in order to be accomplished: a weekly radio show on WESU, a newsletter, a Campaign to Save the Whales...

Anyone concerned about environmental problems and anyone who enjoys the life of their environment, whether woods, suburbs, or cities, might want to reflect on what the CEA should be for Wesleyan and for Middletown, what it could be considering the limitations of its student-run foundation, and what it is now. Perhaps then, one might also like to reflect on personal relationships to the CEA. What is worthwhile about it for you? What could be done better? Could you contribute a little more time? What should the activities be? How can it help you learn? Why should it exist? And, after reflecting, the most important step is communication of your ideas to the other members. A phone call to me is the most direct way of informing me what you are thinking, and it also incites my own concern.

For me, the CEA represents one facet of a life I feel should be integrated. None of us are students only. Too often at Wesleyan, we sacrifice our other identities to the work-compulsion of academia. By working with other people on things other than books, I have gained a perspective on the place of education in my life as a whole. I have also gained both the anxieties of meetings and publicity and a philosophy, and a refreshment away from library atmospheres. All aspects, however, have somehow enriched by education at Wesleyan. Let's work to reach and enrich everyone interested in the CEA this semester.

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Editorials

On Wesleyantics

With all the recent controversy regarding *Wesleyantics*, we at *Hermes* feel it important to clarify our position on the matter. While the first issue of the magazine showed great promise, the quality of humor has decreased in subsequent issues. We found the most recent issue to be rather tasteless, sexist and offensive on the whole. But *Wesleyantics'* greatest offense is that it is simply not funny. This is our opinion and, judging by the number on signatures on the petition to have *Wesleyantics* abolished (700), the opinion of many on campus. However, we emphatically declare that we neither wish to see *Wesleyantics* abolished nor subject to censorship.

We at *Hermes* do not presume to be omnipotent arbiters of what is funny. While we put out a fairly progressive paper, we do not condemn writers who mock socialism and socialists on campus. The beauty of the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is that it allows for speech and expression of all kinds - so that we might ultimately arrive at some sort of truth. Last year a showing of *The Little Rascals* cartoons was interrupted at the Cinema by a projectionist who found the episode racist. But, as a visitor from Yale who happened to be in the audience wrote in a letter to the *Argus* the following week, we will never grow as humanists and cast aside our prejudices if we try to cover up our mistakes. He said we must laugh at how we used to be in

order to change. Such is the case with *Wesleyantics* and its right wing humor.

While we are opposed to what *Wesleyantics* has to say, we do not challenge its right to say it. However, since such a considerable number of people on this campus resent having their scarce resources allocated in such a way, they cannot be ignored. With all the brouhaha over pornography, if one is opposed, one can refrain from indulging. We at Wesleyan have no such choice, except through the CBC. We recommend that the CBC urge *Wesleyantics* to cut its budget through cheaper printing and condensed layout. (We see no purpose in devoting two pages to Colin Campbell in bed, for example.) The money saved can be used toward funding another organization that had been previously denied allocations.

Also, the magazine may wish to be more sensitive to exactly what the students find so objectionable: the publication's tendency towards sexism, its puerile use of sex, and its continual and now tedious pot shots at socialism. As for how to be funny, we have no advice. University editor Jack Paton recently said, "there are probably only 12 good humorists in this country." *Hermes* is pleased with the interest in writing at Wesleyan: the more publications, the broader the spectrum of knowledge. But we do not like to see a sizable portion of Wesleyan upset with *Wesleyantics*. After all, we all have to pay for it. ■

Continue The Effort

Last semester five students were elected to represent history majors in decision making processes within the department regarding such areas as hiring, firing and promotion. As a result, all interested history majors have been invited to informal talks by four candidates presently being interviewed for an opening in the department.

On Monday and Friday of last week and on Monday of this week, an average of twenty students - out of about ninety majors - congregated in the P.A.C. Lounge to listen to and ask questions of the candidates - all social historians

specializing in early modern European history. The final candidate will speak tomorrow at four.

The student committee has been urging majors to get back to them with comments and opinions. The whole search committee - which includes two CSS students and five faculty members - will meet on Monday to make their recommendation. Previously, candidates would make formal presentations to the faculty. Students had no input in the hiring process. We urge concerned majors to support this effort and hope that the faculty will give due consideration to their opinions. ■